

And Away We Go...

BY AIR THROUGH EUROPE
AND THE MIDDLE-EAST

A Travelogue That's Different



By David A. Weir
- 1956 -

To Jane
with love + best wishes
from Dave + Helen
a little info and a laugh
or two is all I hope!
Dave

Dedicated to

HELEN D. WEIR

whose Pad and Pencil and Boundless

(or bounding) Energy During the Tour

Made This Booklet Possible

And Away We Go!

Why does everybody want to fly

Away to foreign places—

To Spain and Portugal where all

You see is funny foreign races?

Why flit to Germany and France—

Why hie to Egypt and to Rome;

Why go and chum with all those
boids,

And not know half the folks at
home?

Well we'll start another flit across

The suds in tried and trusty
plane,

To Ireland, Denmark and the rest

Would durn sight rather go by
train!

Wish all our fellow Fairfieldites

Could hop aboard with us and
take it—

But should you hear a mighty
splash

You'll know we didn't make it!

And away we go! . . . But like I
always say, fun on a tour is like
life insurance — the older you are
the more it costs, and the harder
it is to get! . . . to corn a phrase,
as daughter Lorraine says . . .

I says to Kirby de la Stevens
who driv us through squinty-eye
dawn and a bit of fog to the shiny
new Intern'l Air Port down the
Penna from S. F., I says: "Thanks,
Keed, thanks for hauling me and
my sleeping bag — and Mrs. W. to
the plane." He says, he says: "Tink
nuttin of it. Glyad to help get you
out of the country." . . . The first
trip I made "over yonder" Uncle
Sam paid for with his compliments
and fetched me back pracally as
good as new—thanks, Unc! That
was, good heavens, 38 years ago—
and I had a lot of company from
around here on that personally-
conducted tour — all expense-paid
—not counting the vin-rouge —
There was Bab Vest, Bogie Rob-

erts, Glen Burdick, Chop Staples,
Judge Wolfskill — all still alive
and quite sane . . .

Then 23 years later, a flock of
local youngsters paddled across
the big pond — both big ponds —
and again with Uncle Sammy pick-
ing up the tab — some of the up-
starts not even born when "The
Boys of Eighteen" went . . . Mil-
lions of 'em around here: Jack
Keeler, Wayne Woodard, Charles
Crane, Carl Gein (who didn't come
back, poor feller) among others;
while in the other direction to just
as torrid a war theater went Bob
Spohn, Carl Spurluck, Jr., Mike
McInnis, Jack Gerevas — and
there was Bill McDiarmid, now a
lawyer, who liked it over there so
well he stayed four years — in a
Jap prison camp — and hundreds
more who didn't think traveling in
foreign countries was so thrillin'—
and some didn't come back too . . .
Then came the "police action" in
Korea that took more of our best
football material than all of WWI
in dead and perforated . . . Then
comes the "cold war" without
bourbon or Scotch, but with ice-
Cycle & Hammer — and away ev-
erybody goes, west, south and east
—as safe as a smart pilot and hun-
dreds in long green cabbage can
make it — folks who hadn't been
further from home than Cordelia,
as you might say: The Harry
Siebes, the Art Garbens, the Gene
Dearborns, the Harry Nelsons, the
Ben Hydes, Shirley Walp, Joe
Chadbourn, Marie Hansen, the
W. Woodards, Gussie Stevens who
had already been as far away as
Ryepatch, Nevada — and hun-
dreds more . . . No matter how
many of the home folks have
tromped over the same terra cotta
you will detour, when YOU make
the long trek to far away places
you are one with Columbus, Pizar-

ro and Magellan — breaking new trails, discovering new places and fetching back souvenirs sold to suckers like me. No two folks see the same things alike . . . A vacation in the country — Tahoe, the Sierra, Glacier Park, Golden Gate Park or Putah Creek is just dog-gone lost on me — for a grass-hopper is still vodka and orange juice; a bluejay is a corn plaster; a turtle is an iron table with rollers in a newspaper plant; an old crow still comes a hundred-proof in a battle. So vacations are for the birds — and the kids . . . And speaking of kids — school started yesterday and I read that besides all the other gadgets in the schools they now have a psychiatrist! Well back in the '30's and such we didn't need a psssyhwhatyoumay-callit to know our kids were little stinkers — but most of 'em are still around and didn't do so badly . . . And look, before you get sobbing wet over the "poor teachers' salaries", get out your pencil and paper and figger how much per hour they make — all of them — high and low school. Then you taxpayers will go and voluntarily raise your clerks and sten-ogs! . . . o.k. Teacher, I may not be back at all!! So if'n you're going to kill me you'd better get triggerin' as my plane leaves in 20 minutes! . . . Almost my last act in Fairfield was to call up Joe the Barboza — the fellow who tows your car in and notifies the undertaker — and I says "Joe", I says, "will you come down to my house, drain my radiator, prop up the running gear, and take care of my battery?" He says: "Sure. For you or the car?" . . . See you in Ireland bejabbers!

Those Wonderful Irish

Friends are never made in a day,
By what they do at work or play.

You choose friends, not by what they wear,

Nor by the color of their hair;
You like them not for the way they walk,

Nor even for the way they talk.

But give me these sturdy

Irish blokes—

They're friends because — they laugh at my jokes!

—O. U. Yass.

So this is Ireland; Even greener than they say, begorra—the country—not the citizens. We came slipping into the Emerald Isle early this morning from New York on the Dutch airline just 8 hours after taking off from Idylwild Airport in torrid old N.Y., and I doubt that you could imagine a more exquisitely serene picture than was mirrored up to our circling plane—the multi-colored fields with wisps of cloud ghosting among the trees and hay cocks—while over there between Shannon Airfield and Limerick stands in solemn slumber the ancient (1191) castle of the long-gone O'Brien family . . . And while we were dining on Irish bacon that looked and tasted liked first class ham—after the Irish customs agent had passed our baggage with a wink and a pat—I wondered what was happening to "Wendy Warren and the News," Helen Trent and Her Romance of Radio fame heard mornings above my slurping of the creamless coffee—and it being Thursday I wondered how I was going to survive for the next several months without my old

friend Groucho Marx—and particularly Sweetiepie Liberace! Such are the penalties of traveling I says. . . . Know how big Ireland is? You can pick it up entirely, with its old shalallah and all, plunk it down into Lake Michigan and still have room for Eb Rust to water-skid around the entire works without scraping his shins on either bank. Fact! There are more people including Iowans in Los Angeles than there are in all of Eire and North Ireland combined—and there's not even a trace of smog to smell up the fresh clean air of the "Old Sod" begorra and bejabbers—and we have been here a day now and not once have we heard a "gorra" or a "jabbers"! . . . My old grandad on my dad's side of the family monkey tree migrated at age 16 to Canada from Inniskillin City, in Ireland—but we won't mention that in Killarney tomorrow or Dublin the next day for fear one of these big redheaded curt- ing players will say: "From North Ireland eh! I should give ye the back o' me hand!" . . . Never thought I'd be so glad to see Ireland—but after hours upon wat- ery-paved hours, sitting on the same thing, you're jolly well glad to see something solidier than a green wave—even though those cute Dutch hostesses stuff you with so much enchanting food you think you're getting ready for the butcher. Floating along up there 21,000 feet at 350 m.p.h. on that ingenious magic carpet—smooth as the chaise lounge on which the psychiatrist chases his befuddled patients—including "what to do in case of a crash landing" you wonder what kind of a fellow must be this Charles Lindbergh who flitted away toward eternity

back there in 1927 as alone as a hobo's nickel. . . Then that "Wrong Way Corrigan" who peeled off just a few years later toward Los Angeles and landed in Ireland. So you know what they mean, "the luck of the Irish!" . . . So we're keeping a sort of a travel- og so as to have something to talk about when we're thinking—they call it a Travelog because a LOG is something that after a few weeks' travel you feel like a bump on a . . . Since the next installment of this intellectual masterpiece will be about other places I hasten to declare and of a truth that these sons and daugh- ters of Erin are delightful — friendly, helpful, courteous and genuine—which is more than I can say for some American tour- ists we have already encountered here, with their superior airs and show-offishness—enough to make your rash itch. . . .

What you first observe as you land in Ireland? TREES! Oaks, birch, elm and a huge, full-foli- aged cypress-like elegant. Which reminds we that each time I have left Fairfield I return to find one or more trees missing—from the streets or court house park — to "improve the landscape" said a recent supervisor—holy genius! Now I'm warning the Fairfield street-tree man whoever he might be—that should he clip one twig off a city tree while I'm gone, I'll do the same to him when I return! . . . At the Ardhru House (hotel) this evening we had veal and hot rolls served by creamy Coleens that would melt in your pocket—the rolls—not the Coleens —and gravy!! There's just no sopstitute for good gravy. . . . See yu'all in Edinbough!

"When Irish Eyes —"

Today is the day that we fashion
tomorrow,

For good or for ill, for joy or for
sorrow.

We shall reap what we sow, be it
pleasure or pain,

The seeds that we sow bear weeds
or good grain.

But no time has the traveler to
reap or to sow,

You can just till the soil—and
away you go!

See what I mean? You just begin to get acquainted with folks here in Ireland, and away you go on the next jump. In just an hour we'll be taking the plane for Glasgow (home town of Don Glasgow's grand-grand-grand father—if you don't know who Don Glasgow is, he's the husband of Marguerite of Hyde Co.)

Came yesterday from Killarney where we were for two hurry-up days—visited the Lakes of Killarney, fabled in song and story—took pictures of the Weir Bridge, and made a wish on the Wishing Bridge (but I'm a little old now to expect that wish of mine to come true)—and the day prior we came from Cork — town of 40,000 with lots of trees, elm, maple, fir and birch, and rows of red-berry trees called mountain ash—magnificent. . . . Of course, while at Cork went to Blarney Castle (we'll show you pictures later) and of course Mrs. W. climbed the 100-odd steps and kissed the Blarney Stone—I would too if they could have fetched the stone down to me, but to heck with that climb. . . . Notice I said "heck"! Well sir, no one swears in Ireland—except the Americans

when off to themselves—so I was practically tongue-tied in this country. Fact—Like I say, the four hours from Killarney to Dublin was over the greenest most beautiful countryside—PEACE is the only way to describe it—and regardless of all the blarney about the "fighting Irish" they are a peaceful folk—and since their independence from Britain in 1921 they have wanted no more war—and the recent escapades of a few captured in England with arms and ammunition, they represent but a handful of hotheads, according to the smart young fellow who took us on a private tour of Dublin last evening.

The name Dublin—(do you want to hear this or not? Well pay heed!) — comes from "Duvo" (Gaelic for Black) and "Lin (for Lake) and Black Lake is so named for the black waters coming down the River Liffey (bi-secting Dublin) from the peat or peat beds up stream. Magnificent Trinity College (Protestant, believe it or not) was founded here at Dublin in 1599, while the great Catholic University College of Dublin was founded in 1854 and has a library that ranks along with the Congressional at Washington, Yale and Dartmouth Libraries. . . Here at Dublin is a park five miles long and two miles wide right in the edge of town (Martin Dreyfuss take note)—great trees, green lawns, flower gardens with the ever-yellow Rose of Sharon predominating—and at every step you stride over the Irish Shamrock—grown no where else in the world! . . . And, speaking of Irish, we rode on the bus from Cork to Killarney, thru Tipperary, sitting in the same seat with an

Irish lass of 17-18—and now we know where they get that song “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling”—she was Joan Luddy going home to Mitchelstown—one of nine kids in a farm family—and I must say she was a typical Irish gal—laughing, chatting, sparkling, even to an old coot—and I hadn’t even kissed the Blarney stone! . . . Gotta rush to the plane (just in time too—or he’d be carried away)! Who said that? . . . Well, like Mrs. W says to me when I get raving about some delectable chick, “You’re no different from most old guys of sixty—they look like fifty, act like forty, feel like thirty, and can always see plenty of opportunity they overlooked at twenty!” . . . So at noon today we rushed to the plane at Dublin—landed at Glasgow (pronounced GLAZEGO with a soft a)—motored along miles of ship yards—where the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were launched, biggest in the world—had lunch of delicious ham — Toastmaster Club Special—smoked tongue, gooseberry jam and tea served by a glowing Scott lass with a burr like Harry Lauder—sent a couple cards to Scotch friends—boarded a slick smooth train at 1:20 p.m. after going through customs with a lick and a howdy, and after alighting at Edinburgh at 5 p.m. under the miles of glass of the station where 300 trains come and go a day—here we are at the great old Caledonian Hotel, in a room you couldn’t kick a football across—and as cold as an old maid’s nighty—because the govt tells the folks when to start and when to stop using coal for heat (so take heed you New Dealers who like govt ownership or con-

trol, or you too might find yourselves some day in frigidity cold enough to freeze the brass balls off a pawnbroker’s sign . . . Then they brought an electric heater that I shall take to bed with me come nightfall. . . So this is Scotland, I say!

Well, sir, when my auld grandmother Elizabeth Grainger started to America from this city at the age of 16 she traveled to the dockside in a donkey cart—and from ‘way up there wherever she is now she probably tsk-tsk’d all over heaven today to see her grandson come winging over the channel to Scotland like a bloomin’ bird. . . . Looks like a great three days here, and we’ll not leave a corner unturned to see it—and I hope some of that there Scotch Thrift rubs off onto me. Will tell ye about it later, lad.

The Scots Among Us

From Dublin grand, we fly and stand

On Glasgow’s sooty square;

By train to Edinburgh we roll —
A jewel I do declare.

There’s Yankees by the dozen,

French, British, too, I wot;

There’s Greeks and Dutch and
Turks a few —

By jingo there goes a Scot!

EDINBURGH — (King Edwin’s Burrough) is where the name comes from and has stuck for 1400 years. Looking out the 14th story window over the city the thought that comes to you is “permanence and cleanliness,” for only there are stone buildings and NO LITTER, either on the streets or on the highways. It’s jail for any caught tossing junk out car windows or ex-

pectorating on the sidewalk! Spitting that is—and since few chew tobacco anymore, why should they spiterate anyway? . . . Why all this hoot-monning about Scotland? I'll tell ye lad—this is the country that gave America some of its finest pioneers in plaid and fur cap, for 'twas the hardy Scot, fresh out of Scotland and North Ireland that made the trek west to the U. S. back there in 1718 and such like. There was tall red-haired Patrick Henry who told the world, when the British demanded a 3-penny tax on her tea, "I'll take Liberty or nothing"—remember? . . . And there was John Paul Jones, another Scot, known to every school kid who can read, and now lies in a rich bronze casket at Annapolis where he receives a voluntary salute from every student who passes. (Am I right, Dan Root?) . . . of some importance too were the chaps whose former homes I can see from our window in this Caledonian Hotel — Sir Walter Scott who writ Ivanhoe one afternoon, Alex Graham Bell who invented the telephone and started all the women talking faster than ever; and Robert Louis Stevenson who was so frail he had never left his cushy bedchamber 'till long after he had written his beloved "Treasure Island" while sitting at his window and romancing about a small island in a pond a half block away; and this afternoon we drove out among the slick black Angus cattle, and the wooly Clydesdale sheep, both of which have been borrowed by our stockmen—and we met on the roads a-bicycling many of those curvacious, smilable Scot lasses which we should have imported instead of the stock, likely . . . And we pass the home of the late Harry

Lauder who made his fortunes singing "A Wee Doc 'n Doris" in the states and his daughter is now living it up nicely in a big estate at the edge of Edinburgh . . . Near Loch Lomond where we took a boat ride (imagine old Weir in a boat) we come to the village of Stirling and there as big as life is "Weir Street"; and at Thornhill a few miles further is the smallest Masonic Temple in the world—12 feet wide, founded in 1813 and meets regularly . . . Among the Scotsmen who came to the States for keeps (bless their souls) or their papas, were Jim Monroe, Art Hayes, Ulysses Grant, Andy Jackson, Jim Polk, Jim Buchanan, Andy Johnson, Chet Arthur, Bill McKinley—all presidents of the U. S. From Scotland also came the founders of Princeton U. in 1746. In the early days Congress was served by Scotsmen from every one of the young states: Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, Stephen Douglas, Mark Hanna, Chauncey Depew, Robert Kerr and "Okie" . . . And the Scots didn't hide behind skirts, ailments or prayer books when trouble was brewing for the U. S. for stepping forward were such men as Stonewall Jackson, Oliver Perry, Winfield Scott, Old Hickory Taylor of the Mexican War; and in the Civil War, Grant, Scott, Taylor answered to roll call . . . And there's a Scot-blooded fellow named Douglas MacArthur we are sorta proud of—and then 'way back on the ruffled edge of the advancing frontier in America we admire such Scotsmen as Daniel Boone, Sam Houston, Kit Carson and that fabulous character Davey Crockett whose daddy was born near Glasgow and who fit with G. Washington against John Bull during our

Revolution, and for whom every American kid with a might of spunk wears a "Davey Crockett" hat . . . Then the Scots by the many came to the States in the name of freedom of religion—founded Presbyterianism; and Bishop Ilvaine is Episcopalian; Bishop Bob McIntyre is Methodist; Bish Richard Gilmore of Cleveland is Catholic, while Mother Elizabeth Seton founded the Catholic Sisters of Charity . . . Other Scots, the Armour family whose bacon you ate this morning; the Andrew Mellons whose aluminum kettles your wife throws at you; the Douglasses whose aircraft takes you, swish, to here and back; Andy Carnegie whose 3000 free libraries span the Nation . . . Scot artists, a-plenty—Gilbert Stuart painted Washington, Jefferson and Madison right good; James Whistler the artist was a Scot as was Whistler's Mother, better known than he, him . . . Writers! Hundreds of them came from Scotland: Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe (a little queer but marvelous); James Gordon Bennett of the NYHerald, Horace Greeley of the NYTribune; the recent Col. McCormick's dad founded the Chi Trib; Ben Franklin the Satevepost . . . And from Grover Cleveland Alexander to Bobby Thompson there have been thousands of Scottish-tint athletes—and while the Scots can't claim that paradoxical Liberace, she has millions of bagpipers I'd rather listen to—but what's my opinion among a jillion ladies? Oh yes, at Edinburgh perhaps the three items of tour-interest: Holyrood Palace with its 400 rooms where Queen Elizabeth stays for a brief 10 days of each year—and where the notorious Mary Queen of Scots had an unpretentious room—but with a very convenient secret stairway

known also to her boy friend! Elaborately furnished of course—the palace, not the boy friend. Next to see is Edinburgh Castle, of solid rock, built on solid rock atop a towering mountain in the heart of the city—built in 850 A. D. and covers 20-odd acres. The third "must" is the World War One fabulous memorial in the Castle, established and maintained by the Prince of Wales . . . Sorry, too long on jabber this time. See you in Copenhagen—and will sing you that ditty: "Vunderful, vunderful Copenhagen, gallant old queen of the sea", etc.

Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen

On a fling like a ring mit skates
on der ice,
You've but time to make notes of
the items that's nice—
Those beauteous peach-tinted Irish-
er lasses;
The beef-steaky cattle on meadows
one passes;
Those hand-shakey, spotless and
nice Danish places,
In Munich where they go like
they're off to the races.
So now in Vienna we're ready to
sing,
Or play on a harp, as music's the
thing.
So like I was tellin' you fellers
back home,
Don't wait till you're creakin' ere
you start out to roam.
Even old duffers love places like
this—
The food and the scenery—but
lord what you miss!

COPENHAGEN—Let's see what
Mrs. W. has scribbled down in her
little green book now. (You know

she takes notes as we go about, while I just gawk. Have to take notes or the thing would be as cold as yesterday's mashed potatoes.) Well if I haven't gained fifty pounds after four days in Copenhagen it isn't the fault of the Scandahoops—best food yet—you'd think you were at Omar Kahyaams . . . Folks at home will tell you that this Denmark is as modern as tomorrow—and they have a few lil things that we could copy—kids go to school 6 days a week and 11 months a year—and there's no "double sessions" as we have in the States. And there are NO school busses—kids ride bicycles to school—and we counted 2500 over one bridge one evening—and lost count. . . . Sooner or later—probably sooner—some heftier gent than Gov. Warren who tried it—will put over a "state medicine law." Look out. They have it in Denmark—and a mama can have a baby for \$4.00 since the hospitals charge only \$1.50 per day—BUT, try and get in—the hospitals, that is—. The sick, lame and lazy have the best ones swamped for minor ills—like in England—while those who can afford it pay their doctors exhorbitant fees, like in the States. So before you go any more socialistic than you are, take a look at Denmark's tax rate—just about ten times what you pay in Solano county. . . . But Denmark is beeeautiful—no highway advertising signs and NO LITTER—put you in jail if sighted tossing even a banana peel out of a car—elm, beech, birch and oak trees abound—and we went to see the "Little Mermaid" made famous by H. C. Andersen and gave a look at the hospital made famous by

Christine Yorgensen—and if you fellers don't recognize me when I get home if I do, you'll know why! It will be because I didn't make it past the hospital!! . . . The women go k-razy over the needle-work of the Danish women—needless to say the American tourists are the best cuss-tomers—and like I'm sayin' food, food everywhere you go there—biscuits that would melt in your pocket—and gravy—well as you ladies know, there's just no sopstitute for good gravy! . . . Oh shecks, there's just too too too in Denmark—of course, visited the Renaissance castle, the Skov Forest, Fredensborg Palace and from an upper window could have—all like that you know—fun. Fly away! MUNICH—(They call it Munchen)—I expect every plane trip will be the next—but we always seem to make it, and on the dot—just exactly unlike the S.P. Well for a people that have suffered two kicks in the backside in the past 30 years by the Americans, they treat us mighty fine. Of course vice versa. That part of Germany can thank Jehovah (not Jehovah's Witnesses) that they were occupied by the Yanks instead of the Ruskies—and they know it . . . Many scars of war remain but those thrifty, energetic Municians are rebuilding like ants, work long hours and complain not. You see them peddling to work on their thousands of bikes at seven a.m. — and there's no "coffee break". There are no idle Germans, in Bavaria at least. I presume they figure "Satan finds some mischief still for idle Hans!" (don't shoot) . . . But they have fun too, among the battered ruins that was Munich

and will be again bigger and better—many parks, playgrounds and gymnasiums throughout the city. I sat in a pub down the street from the hotel one night talking to some German lads (they all seem to speak English and they're all strong for Chancellor Andenauer and are sure he will do what's best for Germany. Everybody drinks beer here of course—no Calso—and I knew it was time to go back to the hotel when they started singing "Sweet Ado-line", the bottle hymn of the country. . . . Of course we drove into the country — geraniums in flower boxes in front of EVERY house, wonderbar! To Garmisch where the 1936 Olympic winter sports were held; elegant Guernsey cattle; women raking hay (splendid idea); beach trees line all highways and are propped up straight (Fairfield park commission please note); Oberammergau where the world-renowned Passion Play is given since 1763—amazing. Sure, bought a vase in Munich, famous for porcelain. . . . three days well enjoyed! . . . So here we are in Vienna and next week I'll tell you what happens—if anything:

Those Singing Viennese

The nicest features of a trip,

Or such, at least, to dwell upon,
Are the interesting folks you meet
From here and there and hell-
angone.

Some boast and strut a lot too
much;

Some are on business—some for
fun!

Some with riches are cordial and
fine;

Sure would be nice to remember
each one.

But of all the travelers that we
meet—

The ones who really bore us,
Are not the folks who talk too
much—

But those who just ignore us!

—Hezas Tinker.

But we never get far from home
after all—Saw **Elmer Rasmussen's**
Shoe store in Copenhagen, and
Harry Thiessen's bicycle shop in
Munich—although I left them both
in Fairfield a month ago!

VIENNA—We left you here in
Austria last week, huh? Well on
the way here from Munich, across
the aisles on the plane sat a humid,
diamond-eyed Greek number nam-
ed Tyman, so I discovered after
Mrs. W struck up chatter with her.
She had never been in the States
but likely had relatives named
Ballas, Dallas or Dalkas — who
knows!! But Tyman (cute name,
Tyman) was also de-planing at
Vienna so I says to her, I says, "If
you like I'll hawl you into town
by car which we have ordered
ahead." She smiled a thanks and I
staggered through customs — but
when I came back—no Tyman! Oh
well, just like the old addage says:
"Tyman tide wait for no man!"
. . . Usually the ones who DO wait
are the single-action old beetle-
pusses whose tongues get sharper
as their eyes get duller—and their
beams broader! But like I said, oh
well! . . . Couldn't tell you about
Vienna if Toney was to give me
the entire third page—but since
half of Fairfield has been here,
the other half has likely heard
all about it—wonderful city, rally.
WYWH—which means: "wish you
were here! . . . Old cathedrals
leave me as dry as a bone-collector
usually, but we were steered into
the innards of the ancient Capuc-
cini Church where rests the bones

of most of the rulers of Austria from time immaterial—and here was (past tense) Francis Joseph in a mammoth brass sarcophagus you couldn't drag with an S. P. Mogul engine. Remember he was perforated while an arch-duke—or by one—which doesn't seem half as important as one of our Colonels from Travis Air Force Base—but the shooting set off WW I which caused Uncle Samuel and a lot of his boys considerable concern once we realized that Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was mad at everybody—and Uncle wasn't ready as usual. . . . Vienna Opera House, being rushed to finishation (with U. S. dough) will open Nov. 6—so to get a look at the completed interior (just re-done since the war damage) we applied for tickets! The Viennese solid sally at the desk said: "Velly solly—all sold out for entire season—the 2200 seats at \$200 each (200 that is!)" Do these people love music! And then some of us moan about the 90 cents charged by George Moore to get into the Solano Theater! . . . Next in elegant waste to Fountainbleu and Versailles palaces near Paris is the 1041-room former home of Maria Theresa—or the home of the former she-ruler of Austria at Schoenbrunn park (now a public resort). She had 16 kids, one being the notorious Marie Antoinette who lost her noggin in history books—and while I have no specific information as to what happened to old Marie Theresa, I presume she just wore out like an old shoe—for after all a shoe can eventually lose its sole after being followed by so many heels. . . . On a street just off the hotel where we lay awake all night listening to the workman putting the final air-hammer touches on the opera

house, are hundreds of the most amazing little shops—with everything but colored slides which I was always on the look out for which. Antiques and antiques etc, etc—Judge Bill Pierce and Mrs. Chas Thedick (whom I happen to know admire having antiques) would go stark raving moo-moo if they could see the elegant, charming, fantastic, exotic, ancient, rare, artistic, colorful, and inexpensive offerings—to prove to the foreigner (Americans front and center) that Vienna really looooves and welcomes you all . . . Had dinner at the old Vienna Inn where on the walls are the signatures of former guests: Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Strauss, Brahms, Enrico Caruso, Mark Twain—and while no one was looking I writ on the wall Joe Chadbourne of Suisun Valley who has been here but was too modest to scribble his name . . . Then we drove for miles along the beautiful Blue Danube which is the color of Suisun Channel and about as sanitary—thru the Vienna Woods made famous by Johann Strauss, or vice-versa—and dined at a box-woodie little dump called "Der Dritte Mann" ("The Third Man") where the originator of the now-famous "Third Man Theme" plays nightly that tune and others on his plunk-ster-crazy-zither. Food so-so, Heurige wine out of tall, table-centered decanters, tops—en lieu of Calso—of which they never heard of which! . . . Well folks, we did three wonderful days at Vienna, and there's just no use trying to cover the area—so we're off to Belgrade, Yugoslavia—and if we never get out it will be because they have found out I just don't like commies—and Belgrade is where they hatch them, kid them and tap them on the bean with the

hammer and cycle if they don't like it! . . . I want time to tell you about the "Jugs" of "Yugoslavia." See you next week in Yugo! And if I never come back the old gray mule's yours.

The Edge of the Curtain

Oh, those people of Vienna
How they love to laugh and
play—
Or vice versa every night,
And often half the day!
So without a shiny fiddle,
That town's no place to roam,
But here in shabby Belgrade,
My rags feel right at home.

—U. R. Rawfle.

BELGRADE—Of course some of the gayety topmost with the Viennese who came sliding into your hotel dining room voice-first, was due to the fact that the Russian, British and Yankee occupation "speed-cops" have just bundled up their souvenirs and departed after jeeping around Austria ever since 1945 . . . Yeh, I wandered around Vienna Woods where Johann Strauss was supposed to have got his—but I didn't find any—inspiration, that is! . . . After you fly out of Vienna, east, it is like going from the lush San Joaquin Valley into the barren Mojave Desert—as far as change is concerned—only here the change is much, much more embossed. First, let me again turn the pages of your old high school history and review just a little of the background of this grim, and war-ridden land of the "Jugs"—as the Yugoslavian Communists are called—by tourists. This won't take long, and I'll try to make it worth while. Of course if you don't give a hoot about the U.S. and how you

fit in, o.k.—go on and listen to that silly TV show. . . . Belgrade, capitol of Yugoslavia, population 400,000, on the banks of the Danube and Sava Rivers, nestling here between the hills and the plains. Belgrade is sticky with history. At the dawn of the Christian era, it was fortified by the Celts and later became a Roman stronghold—then passed in turn thru many hands, and pockets—the Huns, Goths, Avars and others. . . . During the 7th Century it was settled by Slavs and became the chief city of Serbia, to be captured by the Turks in 1521 after many centuries of independence. During the wars between Austria and Turkey in the 16th and 17th centuries, Belgrade was occupied by the Austrians and fortified, the 30-foot thick walls and turrets still remaining. The Serbs seized Belgrade in 1806 but 7 years later the Turks fought their way back and it wasn't till 1867 that the last Turk garrison departed . . . Belgrade was badly bombed by Austrian forces in World War I, and the bombing of the city by Hitler's Stukas in 1941 brought the "Jugs" into the war on the side of Britain who at the time faced the Germans alone. In 1944 Belgrade was liberated by the Allies, including the questionable ally, Russia. Most of the reconstruction has occurred since 1945—with U.S. \$ the big factor—NO Soviet and but little English help I gather . . . This part of Yugoslavia is still Greek Orthodox as to religion, while the eastern part, Croatia, etc., is served by the Roman Catholic Church, with some Mohammedan and Moslem congregations and influence of course . . . You've heard about a "sad sack!"—well this Yugoslavia country is it. It is a living proof

of what Communism can do to a people—and any of our mis-guided folks who are a little pinko, or who will not fight for our American way of life, might take a trip here to Belgrade and see Communism in action—even tho' Tito says the Jugs brand of Communism is different than Russia's. At any rate the people I talked to in Belgrade are very sure they, led by Tito, have invented a new and better kind of Marxist state. BUT, personally, just as an ordinary, not-too-bright American citizen, I wouldn't trust Tito and his followers as far as I could throw Molotov by the beard in the event of a decision with the Soviet. . . . Regardless of that, Yugoslavia has done the world a great service, since Tito has proved that he and his country can defy the murderous leaders of the USSR and run their own show—and it is a better show than the one in Russia—for here there is a LITTLE freedom while in Russia there is none. One thing is sure—that Tito will not fall for the so-called softening up of the Commie leaders toward the West as some German, French and even Americans might be led to take from recent events. . . . Tito's mansion sits in the middle of acres and acres of garden here at Belgrade—and Yugoslav government buildings—new and modern—stretch from here to yonder—but taking pictures is for the Jugs—and they can't even do it. Government officers—and Tito — drive nice cars and live in fine modern homes on wide, tree-lined streets. The U.S. legation is nicely housed, but the "common" U.S. workers live in hotels and wherever. . . . Even tho it was raining today—a small rain that left a mist of seed pearls

like mouse's eyes on your duds, we toured Belgrade with a private car and interpreter. Raggedy creatures! Even their rags were patched, and many were barefooted—altho it was so cold we wore overcoats—and some had bits of old tires tied onto their feet. At the train station, hundreds slept on the floor, in tatters, and smelly babies squalled in the arms of bedraggled mamas—trying to sleep on floors and benches. We have yet to see a native smile, hear a comical remark or see a humorous act. . . . The food is fair in the hotels—the best ones—but the rooms, very few modern by our standards, and the smell—peeeeiw! But the Jugs are as cocky as you please, and they really believe that eventually Russia will come to their brand of Bourgeoisization—decentralized dictatorship.

They can have it! See you in Istanbul—and there's a story!

Our Friends — The Turks

In every land there's a job for you

That's all your own;

A hand to give, a word to pass,

By you alone.

A friendly act may mean a lot

To strangers many have forgot;

Be a good neighbor—that's your lot—

No rift condone.

ISTANBUL (Turkey)—You oldsters, and I, remember it as Constantinople "Cant-Stand-on-an-Apple" as the school cut-ups used to say. It is a land of Men, Mosques, Marinets and Melons in that order: Men, because here at the crossroads between East and West the Turks are the first line of defense against the Commies—and gave the Yanks the most aid in Korea, if you remember; Mosques

(one on every street-corner, so it seems) as the temples of the Moslems who daily face the East and offer prayers to Allah with forehead to floor; the 100-foot minarets from the top of which the priests wake the natives — and tourists—as they call the faithful to prayer in the dewy hours of the morning; and Melons—honeydew-like fruit, or vegetable, that is really something—even tho you may wear out the hinges on the door between your bedroom and bathroom doing what they call the Turkey trot that night! . . . We might as well be on Mars as for being up on what is going on in the territory of Solano. The envelope of newspaper clippings sent by Kirby was a rare treat—and confirmed my blackest fears: I am missing ALL the football games! Someday TV will insure you any program, wherever you may be—but now there is no TV here and no radio as we know it . . . And since it takes six weeks for regular first class mail to come from the States, except by air, which postage is prohibitive for newspapers, there's no telling what you Fairfieldians are up to. We do get a memo sheet daily from the American Embassy here, paragraphing the top news—even to football results on Monday of Saturday games played in the States—is that clear! Huh! . . . Likened unto old Damascus (oldest continuously-lived-in city in the world) Istanbul, or the beginnings thereof that is, is entirely lost in antiquity—so old that just recently while excavating for a bridge abutment near one of the three old walls built by different conquerors BC, there was found evidences (foundations statutory and pottery) of an unrecorded civilization which flourished on

this site long before that of the first known city, Lygos, which thrived on the east bank of the Bosphorus in the 9th century BC—can you emanige that! . . . You know, as a kid I reveled in history and paid little heed to two-times-two, which is probably why I was more interested in whom I used to owe dough than to whom I am going to owe—which makes it more enjoyable for me to talk about ancient Constantinople than about the bills I will have to pay when I get home! So, boys, and girls, if you don't like history, just turn this off and turn on the bang-bang TV story. I won't mind—it's only that I agreed to furnish Mr. Toney 2000 words a week, and I don't wish to get fired at my age!! . . . But y'uall better-dam learn about Turkey, for these mountain boys and plains goat herders will darn well be the first line of defense of the West against the East, technically and realistically. I saw a small infantry drill the other day and the way those sunburned sons of this new Republic juggled their rifles and snapped into it was heartening. Don't nobody make 'em mad—they are real soldiers, them is! . . . Like I said, between the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmara and the Black Sea, and along the banks of the Golden Horn (a grand harbor so named because in the early days the mariners going out to sea tossed gold coins for good luck), Istanbul arose out of the rubble of many invading nations. In 513 BC the Persian King Darius, known to your high school junior, crossed Istanbul to fight invading hords of savages from the north, the Scythians, and during the Median wars the Spartans finished off the Persians here in 470—something BC . . . Later the city

became a battle ground for Athens and Sparta spearmen; was besieged by Philip of Macedonia and taken over in 340 BC, and then fell into the hands of Alexander the Great. He died young from too much good food and bad women and then Istanbul changed hands many times among pressure groups, like Vallejo, Suisun and Fairfield—and then fell under Roman rule. Then up jumps Roman Emperor Constantine and slaps down King Daza who had conquered Thrace (now Greece) so as a little memento they renamed the old city Constantinople after the Emperor in 330 AD. After attacks by the Goths and the Huns and others for years, the city (395 AD) was divided and Istanbul became the capital of the Roman Byzantine Empire (Byzantine works of art, sculpture, painting, are in all big museums today.) . . . In the 7th century Istanbul was attacked by Moslem Arabs besieging by armies and navy; then came the Bulgarians to lay siege, and the Russians attacked at the same time by sea (860 A.D.) but failed to take the city. In 1203 the Crusaders in their fourth crusade (known to all members of the Order of Knights Templar), after gathering at Venice moved by ship to Istanbul captured and sacked it. Then in 1261 the flourishing Greek empire captured Istanbul, but preserved the precious Byzantine art objects. . . . For 200 years the city grew and prospered but in 1453 before Columbus sailed for America, Istanbul fell to the Ottoman Turks and became the capital of Turkey and a great empire. Under the Turks the city grew and spread and has much to be proud of in its development of education, culture and health stand-

ards. Istanbul has more than a million and a quarter people, a small percent being of Greek and Syrian extraction. At the overthrow of the monarchy and adoption of the Republic in October 29, 1923, President Attaturk wrought a miraculous change to "westernize" the country. He moved the Turkish capital to Ankara, outlawed the old Turk fez as a headdress (Shriners beware), and he freed the Turkish women from the veil—but I'm not sure that was a good idea from some of the faces I've beheld on the street. However many of the young Turk gals are—wow! . . . So folks, read this to your school children so they'll see their country hasn't had such a bad life, and that it has at least ONE good friend in the Middle East—and a mighty able helpmate it is. . . . See you in Ankara next week, if you are still listening!

That Man Attaturk

Who was this fellow Attaturk?

He taught the people how to work;

He freed the women from their veils,

And put fresh water in their pails;

The emperor's foot took off their necks,

And raised fine buildings from ancient wrecks.

He was indeed, it's fair to say

The Washington and Lincoln of his day.

—Trubut Corny.

Heard so much about the Grand Bazaar at Istanbul that we decided to give a look. Well! You could look for yeas and yeas and not see half of it. Before I saw it they

told me the Bazaar covers three city blocks, has 7000 separate stores or shops, and was said to be located in what was a former Emperor's horse sheds. Sounded like a lot of horse shed to me — but I went. More than I expected and better than I thought it would be and I was surprised that I wasn't disappointed in not thinking there could be so much in so little space for so much dough. How's that again? Most of the fine jewelry, small glass gadgets and copper and brass utinkles, and woven rugs and fine laces are all made right there as you gawk — and while they try to sell you this and that, it is not the usual "tourist trap" as found in France, for instance . . . Didn't have the momentum to see it all — and after all I have slowed down a little lately — like the old guy who was accidentally taking hormone tablets instead of sleeping pills and didn't know the difference 'till he happened to read the label a year later . . . I'm not like the important Turkish fellow I was talking to here at the hotel dining room. I said: "May I inquire just what your job is?" He said, nicely: "Certainly Sir. I help to maintain amiable relations between Embassy personnel; I have six children; I hate golf and bridge." Then I asked: "What is your favorite pastime, then." He said: "I just told you!" Well after all, he was young, only fifty-odd. . . . ANKARA—Capital city of Turkey and growing like Fairfield — but short of water since rainfall and snowfall amounts to only about 15 inches — but through the late Attaturk's influence and Yankee dough, they have a magnificent dam near town — and it was built and in use just 3 years from the idea — not 40 years like Monticello Dam! . . . Yes, Charlie, this

fellow Attaturk was quite a man— was foremost in the war of independence of Turkey and was elected president of the new Republic in 1923 following the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire during World War I. Until his death in 1938 this great leader did more to modernize Turkey than all the rulers since the Hittites of 1000 B. C. and whose fine statuary is still here. Kemal Pasha (Attaturk — which means "Father of the Turks" by the way) established public schools; separated the Moslem church from the State; banned the veiling of women, and took the Arabian fez off all Turks; gave all Turks a sir-name (all had merely a first name till then — like Alamun the Waiter, or Mariaya the Maid; or Slimey the Soft Water Man; or Mike the Wonderful Barber Man, etc.; moved the National Capital from Istanbul to Ankara — in order to equalize the population (Vallejo please note); encouraged athletics; gave women the vote — and most important, warned the Communists to keep out of Turkey . . . He wasn't foolin about athletics. Yesterday I attended one of EIGHT soccer games being played in the park section of Ankara. The BIG game which I attended was in a great modern concrete-walled amphitheater, between the Turkish Air Force and the Army. Anyone who plays that game sure has to be in condition— not as rough as our football but requires much more running, and the eleven-man-team go like crazy for two 45-minute halves. The records here show that during the 1955 conscription, only five percent were rejected for physical and mental disability. According to News Week, Sept. 26, of the 4,321,000 young Americans called for pre-induction physicals, 2,248,-

000 (52%) were rejected as physical or mental wash-outs! (Frankie Perez of the city play assn. and all school physical education directors, please note — and think!) Too many no-goods in the richest country in the world — but I'd hate to think what would happen to one of these Turkish Forwards on the soccer team if he were hit broadside by Bob Oliver of Cal., or Eddie Serpas now of Idaho, is it! . . . Running around Turkey with daughter Lorraine, and husband Lou of the American Embassy, you meet many folks and see many things (and they don't all "walk by night".) Over there on the east large as life, where Noah beached end of Turkey is Mt. Arrarat, his old Ark and sent the dove out for a leaf, you know. Well the dove may still be around there but no Ark — and it's so near Russian-polluted territory that it's restricted, natch. At the other side of the country near Izmir, nice seaport, there's whole ancient cities never yet excavated. So, gals, if you like ancient ruins — other than your husband — come on to Turkey and dig. No telling what you can find. Some Chicago University kids recently found some priceless ancient Mosaics in a sheep pasture — godknowshow old . . . The 3000-some-odd Americans here, making up JAMAT (Joint American Mission For Aid to Turkey) headed by Ambassador Warren with whom we had "tea" yesterday, no kin to Earl, is a close-knit outfit. The schools for the kids, operated by JAMAT are called Organizations, since the Turks frown on any "schools" other than Turkish. The teachers for the 1000 American kids here are wives of U. S. Govt. employes, and many are tops. They say when the kids go back to the States af-

ter the tour of duty here, they will be able to go right along with their designated classes. Here also are adult classes where Americans may learn to speak Turkish, and many do, some kinda way. Well, like I'm sayin, we're worn down to a nubbin with bridge and pin-ochle, sightseeing and waiting for enough water for a bath of a Saturday night . . . So if we live till day after tomorry, we'll be winging away south to visit a nephew, teacher at Beirut, and to gallop about the Holy Land and this and that if we don't get shot in the Jordan River. Keep the traffic moving on Texas street Rex till I get back and tell you how the C. of C. can make that street an avenue of glory with the city's flower Gerantheum, or Chrisanium or what Dick Shirley may call it! See yu'all straddle of a pyramid beside a camel — or vice versa!

The Cradle of Scripture

You folks at home—I hope you don't

Get tired of this ancient history;
But till I hit the Midde-East,
It was to me, just ancient mystery.
The archeologists and such,
Who dig up things long since forgot,

Would find the diggin tougher if
They had to write a weekly
"Thought."

—M. T. Noggin.

Just a minute and I'll have you out of Turkey—but do you want to gallop away without visiting such places as Troy, Smyrna and Ephesus? 'Course not! Well, over a very bumpy 300 miles of ancient ruts you drive west from Ankara to the new modern seaport of Izmir—with a wonderful beach growing right up to the main

street—and there in bathing are Turkey's finest! Never will you see such scant attempt being made to cover so much with so little to the delight of so many! Who wants to look at ruins! . . . Izmir is old Smyrna, founded 3000 years B. C., and was under Ottoman rule from 1415 'til the British and Ataturk, the Turkish G. Washington tossed out the monarchy in 1918 and changed the name of the seaport. It was here at old Smyrna that Homer wrote much of his Iliad while wiggling his toes in the cool waters of the Aegean Sea . . . Drive 49 miles South and you come to the ancient site of Ephesus, 3rd century B. C. It was here shortly after the dawn of the new era that St. Paul (Saul), having been converted, turned the pagan city from its worship of idols and set up the first Christian community. Here also lived the Virgin Mary while a 'teen-ager, and where St. John is said to have written his Gospel for the New Testament. . . . Not far away are the remains of the eight cities of Troy (300-2700 B. C.) The fabulous Helen of Troy is reported to have lived at Troy No. 3—but I didn't see her any place. Americans are now Excavating (not for Helen) under the Rockefeller Archeological Foundation, I think—so finally the mystery of Ancient Troy may be revealed—if you're interested! . . . So we fly away to BEIRUT, Lebanon—stopping briefly at the Island of Cyprus, a British protectorate and currently in the news due to Greek and Turkish claims of dominion. Shortly after our plane left, trouble broke out again and a strict martial law was laid down. . . . Met at Beirut by my nephew Dr. Tommy Weir, on a 2-year teaching tour of duty here from the University of California. (Did-

n't know any Weir was that smart!) Who said that! . . . Then came daughter Lorraine from Ankara next day and we all drove overland the 45 miles to old Damascus, across the fertile Valley of Biquaa where resounds 5000 years of history and countless millennia of pre-history. In this Middle-East area, thousands of storied battlefields and dozens of crumpled capitals of kingdoms now forsaken, further dramatize some of the most spectacular topography the world has ever known. . . . What a land of contrasts: Leaving Beirut with its world-shipping, modern apartment houses rising among the shacks and squalor of the hot city, you pass patch-work tents, sagging cane huts and hill-side caves where live 80,000 Arab refugees from Jerusalem's troubled zone; you drive over barren rocky hills and pass donkeys ridden by fat, bare-footed Arabs while trudging behind comes the women carrying on their veiled heads, burdens that would sweat an elephant to tote; then you pass the black Bedouin tents (that the Operetta "The Desert Song" so romantically describes—but I see no romance here, except for the dozens of raggedy kids that appear from nowhere shouting "bucksheesh" if you toss a coin to one of them) next you pass a camel train—huge beasts with raggedy Arabs perched precariously on the one hump, while baled cotton and sacks of grain roll back and forth with the ungainly tread of the camels—while the women with odd tatooed faces, trudge behind with small dirty kids astride a shoulder; on a hill over there women are plowing with a crooked stick pulled by oxen. The contrast comes when along comes a huge modern Shell oil tanker whizzing along all-a-

same Bob Rogers buzzing out to Suisun Valley with a load of gasoline. . . . DAMASCUS, Syria—oldest continuously-inhabited city in the world, site of St. Paul's conversion, and the legendary home of Abraham, and it is doubtful if the old section of the city has changed any since that time—except to get dirtier. At the end of the three-block-long "Street Called Straight" with its hundreds of bazaars selling everything from homemade candy and bakery goods—to the natives—to the famous and excellent brocade, stands one of the world-famed Moslem mosques (740 A.D.), large enough to house all the people of Fairfield, and containing in a gold-plated, mammoth sarcophagus the head of John the Baptist—one of them at any rate. Ask your parson if you want to know more about the Biblical history of Damascus. There are no pictures or statuary in a Mosque. Sitting on the curb with bare feet in the combination gutter and urinal, natives sit and eat hunks of bread and some sort of smelly dried meat, aided by the flies. In the words of the philosopher, I could only say: "But for the grace of God, there am I." Then I saw old geezers—always old ones—hands behind them fingering strings of beads—not prayer beads, but "worry" beads. I'm going to fetch home a lot of them to sell to my townsmen who are always worrying about their income tax! . . . When you buy a souvenir in Damascus, or any Syrian store, the hosts always brings out the small, black, impossible coffee—but you drink it or you're no gentleman—and like it says in the 22nd Chapter of Deuteronomy, or someplace: "To be born a gentleman is an accident—but to live like one is an achievement." Well

the new city of Damascus, bigger than Vallejo and just as modern, dates back only a few years—but is a sort of "shock" when coming from the old city with its "strange looking faces and strange sounding names." . . . So we leave Syria and return via a new road to Lebanon and enter the old city of Baalbek, after skirting the green and inviting Biquaa Valley, and gazing with wonderment upon the slopes of the Anti-Lebanons Range where on yonder hill reposes the ruined Graeco-Roman temple which was used by the Crusaders as a watchtower in the 12th century. Enroute we drive by the "Cedars Of Lebanon" of song and story—from which forests King Solomon took millions of feet of finest lumber for his historic temple, known intimately to all members of the Masonic Fraternity. But sad to say, the historical Cedars of Lebanon now consist of less than ten acres of gnarled and sad-looking trees—protected, however by a high wire fence and maintained by the Craft. . . . Baalbek—meaning "Home Of the Gods," I must confess with crimson countenance, that I had completely forgotten all about it—if I ever knew—is the site of perhaps the most famous architectural achievement in all history. Here despite the ravages of time and the ruthless hands of ancient barbarians, still stand much of the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Venus and the Temple of Bacchus, the former being the creation of Nero, 57 A. D. Six of the great marble columns, 65 ft. high and 8 ft. in diameter still stand. Damnest thing you ever saw, rally! . . . Well back in Beirut, with the U. S. Sixth Fleet parked in the great harbor, we had a hard time finding a night club and contents not taken up by sail-

ers. However, the nephew and I were talking to a youngish matron of a night restaurant, and to nephew I says: "She seems like a nicely reared girl, doesn't she?" And the nephew says: "I should say so. Not so bad from the front either!" . . . See you in Jerusalem—if I live!

Jerusalem The Golden

Jerusalem, the Golden, with
milk and honey blest,

I don't know this line, tarnation,
set heart and soul at
rest;

I know not, oh I know not,
what joys await me there.

What radiancy of glory,
what light beyond compare!

JERUSALEM—Thus reads the hymn in the Methodist psalter—and I was surprised, if not elated that I knew so much of it from memory—memory? So from Beirut, we wing in over the ancient holy city while far below twists and turns its torturous way the River Jordan winding on into the bitter waters of the Dead Sea off there to the north—and you notice first the green-topped Mount of Olives—then the high armistice wall that bisects the city as the result of the Jew-Arab hostilities of 1948—non-Christians and Moslems fighting over Christian Jerusalem! What a travesty on the name of religion! . . . Jordan comprises Trans-Jordan proper and Central Arab Palestine, and includes all but one of the sacred shrines of Islam and Christianity, which is the magnet for thousands of tourists, Jordan's life blood.

The one exception is the spot said to be the scene of the Last Supper, which is in the Israeli territory.

Tourists may not pass from Jordan or Arab side to the Jewish section of Jerusalem under penalty of being denied the right to return.

. . . Jordan has a population of roughly a million people, mostly Moslem Arab, with 12 percent Christian whites, some Christian Arabs and a few Samaritans descended from Biblican times. On the way to old Jericho where one ram of the blasted horn—or one blast of the rams horn brought the walls down 1500 B. C. ago, you pass Bethany where Jesus was wont to visit Mary, Martha and Lazarus (now a Catholic shrine). Further on through the Fields of Boaz, known to members of the Eastern Star, you come to an inn said to be on the site of the historical Inn known to all Odd Fellows, near where the Jew fell among thieves, a priest and a Levite came by but offered no help, then came a Samaritan, an enemy of the Israelites, and he alone had compassion and took the poor bugger to the inn and paid his keep. Too bad the same compassion doesn't exist today! . . .

After a swim in the Dead Sea—50 miles long, 20 miles wide and 1300 feet below sea level—and the water so salty even I couldn't sink—you follow the Jordan and come to the spot where it is said John the Baptist baptized Jesus—and who knows, it might have been somewhere near that place, where today thousands of Arab refugees from Jerusalem live in fairly nice, government-built houses and subsist on dough sent from the U. S. but labeled "United Nations" . . . On the 30 mile trip over fair roads among the ever present rocks, you are delighted to see the sides of the Mountains of Moab (former home land of Ruth and Orpha, re-

member?) being planted to good sized pines and olive trees—because that is the most barren, desolate country you can imagine—where nothing grows but kids. As you come again to Bethany you see a plaque that says here Martha met The Master and sobbed out the information that her brother Lazarus had died and lay buried in a cave nearby. In the Book it says, you recall, that The Master said “Lazarus, come forth,” and by golly he did and lived happy ever after. . . . The road runs along the side of the Mount of Olives (now a shrine of course that costs you a few dimes) you look at the huge dome of the Mosque of Omar, second in importance to one in Mecca itself—known to all members of the Mystic Shrine. The Moslem Mosque of Omar houses the rock on which it is said Abraham was about to offer his son Isaac, or maybe it was Jacob, as a sacrifice—but a sheep came along and was cooked instead. Well, on the spot of this Mosque atop Mount Moriah, once stood the fabulously magnificent temple of Solomon, well known to all Master Masons—covered a sixth of what is now Old Jerusalem of the Arab side. Against that site is the Biblical “Wailing Wall,” on the site of King Herod’s temple, the only place in the old city where Jews are allowed, and they come only of a Friday. But frankly I don’t know what they have to wail about—they have all of the new and modern part of Jerusalem and any poor old Arab now sleeping under trees and in caves will trade them even . . . The Consulate of Israel, Los Angeles office, says: “Jews are not allowed near the wailing wall, the last remnant of the original temple of Herod, nor time. However it is true that for anywhere else in Jordan at any

centuries the Jews have had a great deal to wail about.” . . . The Catholics and the Moslems have all the tourists’ sight seeing spots—“the Way of the Cross” and all—and while there are some Protestant churches in town they are out of luck as tourist traps, because there weren’t any Protestants till after all the good spots had been discovered—or labeled at least. Why they ever established a city there is beyond me anyway as it is nothing but a rock pile for miles around. The land is better on the Israeli side as it takes in much of the rich Jordan River Valley and is being developed and beautified wonderfully . . . One of the really nice rides out of Jerusalem is the road to Bethlehem, 18 miles among Jerusalem from Jordan! What would the Prince of Peace think of that—and what does the United Nations think of it? . . . So there was this dame on the tour and there was a moon and I suggest would she like to walk out with me to see Solomon’s Temple? She said she would—but Mrs. W. came along, so we visited Solomon’s Temple! . . . See you in Cairo! Good luck to you and peace!

By Train Through Egypt

(Tune: “Turkey In the Straw”)

Oh, old King Tut was a merry old soul,
Got tired fightin’ so he crawled in a hole;
Long time later they found King Tut,
Covered with gold in his rock-bound hut.

(Chorus)

Now the lesson I bring to queens and kings,
Who have a lot of diamonds and pretty things—
Go spend all your dough—Don’t

be like Tut
Who buried his treasure in a sand-
stone hut!

—I. M. Peter Dout

CAIRO, Egypt—So this is Cairo! Been a lot of years since I used to read about Egypt in the big “jargophry” at school—and sure never thought I’d see the Nile River at night—but there she is right under the hotel window, so close you could spit tobacco juice in it (looks like somebody has, already). Gorgeous sight, river lined with the ancient banyan, cyprus and olive trees—it’s warm and cool—I ordered a bottle of mineral water and FOUR Arab bellboys in baggy pants came to fetch it, after I’d practically died of thirst. But you soon learn that the byword is “Ma’alaysh” — meaning “What’s the difference!”—same as “Manana” in Mexico. . . . At four a.m. the Moslem priests start baying from the 360 minarets about town, waking a million roosters who crow to wake the hens, waking the donkeys who wake their masters, who wake a hundred street vendors under the hotel windows, who wake everybody! . . . Egypt is the land of startling contrasts: it’s beautiful and hideous, exotic and scrubby, fascinating and repellent, loveable and loathsome, all at the same time. Larger than Texas and California, only a thousand mile-long but narrow strip along the Nile is arable—the rest is stark, cruel and killing desert—several degrees hotter than hell in summer—so they say. . . . Just now it is cool, but in day the sun is the brightest stuff—without sunglasses you’d go stone blind. More than 90 per cent of the 30 million inhabitants of Egypt are Moslem; 8 per cent Christians and the rest, godknowswhat. Arabic is the na-

tional language, but French and English are glibly spoken and understood in the hundreds of nice shops in Cairo. One of the best shops I found is the Karnak Bazaar, 116 Azhar St., where we bought a leather hassock and some stuff—and some of our so-called modern sales people in the States could take lessons in courtesy and salesmanship from the dapper, smiling, bowing proprietor. . . . It is heartening to realize that within a few short months, Egypt has done a complete turn-about since the deposing of wily King Farouk and President Nasser’s pro-American reform Council has turned a riot-ridden, graft-dominated tyranny into a solid, orderly, friendly power which, like Turkey and Greece, is freedom’s bulwark in the Middle East. Today, even British and Israeli passports are honored and I saw no sign of Communism even in the slum areas. . . . A city of two million, Cairo is different from any other city—modern business houses and 10-story apartment houses frown down on miserable little shacks of wood, reed and corrugated iron—while from the doors of spotless, well stocked shops, you look down the street on the out-door bazaars crawling with vermin and black with flies—and even in the best hotels the rolls on the dinner table are referred to as “fly-roosts.” But gradually by gradually Cairo will become another Chicago or a Denver or a Kansas City. . . . Down the Nile by boat you pass the Biblical “Land of Goshen,” a small island, where Pharaoh’s daughter found Moses in the bullrushes—or that’s what she told her old man. Then of course, like the other million tourists you drive out—past some of the rascally Farouk’s former mansions—to the

fabulous Pyramids of Cheops—and the Great Stone Face with its body of a lion for bravery, its face of a woman for beauty, and its head of a man for wisdom—wisdom? That's what he say! Mrs. W. rode a camel—but they're just too darn high, so I chose an ass. Now get this—an ass and a donkey and a mule are all distinct animals. So when we got to the Pyramids, have to have pictures struck, as that's the thing to do—for a fee—so they all gave me the razzberry, that I was a sissy and all, so finally I got off my ass and up on that darn smelly camel—and I have pics to prove that I did and that I didn't like it—neither did the camel! . . . Small World Dept.—We're walking up toward the Sphynx. "You're from California" says a nice looking couple we met. "Yes," we say, proudly, "Fairfield." The lady says: "Well, you must know my son, City Engineer Walter Berger."

BY TRAIN TO LUXOR

So we board a train for the ancient city of Luxor, which is part of legendary Thebes, capital of ancient Egypt. Twelve hours by pretty-fair train — like the S. P. Lark from S. F. to L. A. — following the Nile through lush sugar cane, corn, rice and cotton fields —through (to us) pitiful little villages of mud huts and sugar cane shacks. I was looking out the open window and right in front of me, bathing knee deep in the edge of the Nile in their birthday clothes yet, were five full grown slick Egyptian dames — nothing covered but their heads with sort of turbans. One was a blonde! I tried to pull down the window shade quickly and blush dutifully—but it was too late! They saw me, waved and smiled their white toothy smile — and wiggled everything!

(And no potatoes?) . . . There was a nice-looking Luxor banker on board, a Mr. D. Yassa. Had quite a visit—gave us much information about Egypt — people, industry, hopes and aspirations — and when we left Luxor a few days later he came to the train to bid us farewell — just like young Bill Robbins of the bank in Suisun would do, you know! That morning on the train the real dark-black stewards charged me a pound (\$2.-80) for a couple rolls, jam and coffee—just like the S.P.! Well I couldn't talk Arabic, so went on back to my car crying quietly. Met a young Arab sergeant; got talking; asked him about cost of grub, told him I'd paid a pound for fly-roosts and Nile mud. He promptly waltzes back to the diner car and fetched my change. I gave him a pack of Camels and you'd thot I'd presented him the distinguished purple cross or something like that —all friendly chaps and admiring to do all possible for the tourist—which, incidentally is the biggest crop in Egypt—as in Jordan. . . . Well, say, this Luxor is something out of Arabian Nights—and if a tourist gets took by the "baksheesh" mobs, crooked "jewel" merchants and other back-street scum it's his own fault, for the new regime has planted reliable "tourist police" everywhere. . . . On way to the Valley of the Kings we stop at the ancient temple of Karnak (1300 B. C.) and were awe-struck with the immensity and grandeur of the whole thing—and were looking at some of the ornate pillars that had fallen during the 1903 earthquake. Just to show you how the feminine mind works: A lady standing near, looked at the fallen columns and said to her husband: "Sam, don't forget we must fix up those posts on our back porch

when we get home!" . . . King Tut's tomb: (Here they say "King TOOT.") Fantastic. 'Way down in the innards of the mountain, surrounded by a dozen other large, carved and painted amazing chambers, lays the mummy of King Tut in his golden casket, under heavy glass — and an armed guard. Among the millions in wealth and articles found in the tomb, 1921, all now in the National Museum at Cairo, are an ingenious folding chair and a safety pin, as well as a modern-looking atomizer—made four thousand years ago! Can you imahnage that! Yeh, boys, great people, these Egyptians—and dirt flies and all, I'm glad they're on our side. After all, they all pull on their pants the same way we do—men, that is—so we're not different—unless the Commies sneak in when we're not looking . . . See y'uall next week—if Cliff Toney doesn't cut me off at the typewriter! But I'm just about fed up with "ruins"—after all, I see one every day when I shave! Adios.

History Come Alive

Snores there a man with soul so dead,

Who to his tourish self hath said,
While romping off to catch
a plane,

Or dashing forth to board a train,

I ruther would have stood in bed?

Put then some glorious sight you see;

Some ancient rare reality,
So you forget your aches and pains,

Your creaky joints and throbbing sprains—

Oh-oh—our plane takes off at three!

—By Bazy Lones

ATHENS—Flying the 700 miles from Cairo you pass over the island of Crete, like a huge castle sticking up out of the Mediterranean Sea, and between there and Athens the Sea of Crete fairly bristles with the Aegean Islands—while the waters about them are blue as gold. . . . Athens! Ever since I was a kid I've thrilled at the story (true) of the Greek soldier—Phidipides, 'bleeve it was—way back there 490 B. C. after the battle of Marathon, who ran to Athens, 26 miles, 385 yards, to carry the news of Greek victory to the king—and fell dead, poor feller. Well I couldn't wait to try it myself—the run, that is—and I made it too—the last five yards anyway. On the spot where the messenger delivered the historic message, now stands a wonderful stadium—and a torch burns eternally on the spot where Phidipides fell mort. . . . And fellers, the Greek girls! They're the kind the men look at twice—they don't believe it the first time. And you're supposed to look at ruins! Lord-helpus. . . . But I must take you on a quick hour's run to the old city of Corinth — through magnificent country, lush with olive, beach and poplar trees, with the ever-present geraniums and red and golden bougenvilea, simply magnolia. Corinth, known to all Christians as the place where St. Paul preached and the locale for his now famous Biblical letters to the Corinthians when the city had a hundred thousand pop (now the size of Suisun). Here also stands the pillars of the old Temple of Apollo 1100 B. C. now being excavated by an American Mission. . . . Returning from Corinth to Athens you pass over the great canal joining the Ionian Sea and the Aegean Sea—a project of Amer-

ican engineers and saved many miles of travel during the war—still much in use. Of course the most important spot in all Greece is the fabulous Parthenon (500 B. C.), which stands like a crown on the rocky pinnacle of the Acropolis dominating the city—since it was of course, a fortress originally—not unlike the Edinburgh Castle, Scotland. But in Athens, as in all of Greece and Italy, the architecture is ever beautified by marvelous sculptures and artistry. Near the Parthenon, for instance, is the Temple of Zeus, known to all hi school kids—I hope—and the best preserved if not the most beautiful is the impressive Temple of Erechtheum with the more impressive Caryatids (beautiful dames) supporting the porch. Then there is the Temple of Niki (Wingless Victory)—wingless for, it is said, the ancient Greeks knocked off her wings so she would ever belong to Greece and not try to fly away. Sounds silly? Well sir, practically every statue of ancient Greece and Rome had their faces mutilated by conquering nations down thru the years for they all had some puny notion that a face represented life and power. Guess it worked for few ancient nations lasted long—face or no face—Greece being the oldest of the ancients in point of continuity—so they tell me. . . . Yeh, would like to stay at Athens long enough to run that Marathon, but time's a wastin. So in a nice Greek two-engine plane we hop out over Corinth, the Ionian Sea and the south shores of the Adriatic, passing over Italy's boot heel at 25,000 feet to clear the towering Apennines Range — more rugged than the Rockies and higher than the

Sierras. Away off to the left you see the city and the blue harbor of Naples, and ever-threatening old Vesuvius smoking his pipe and just sittin'.

ROME—The capital city of 50 million fine folks, mostly. Too many of us think of Italy in terms of the Al Capones and Lucky Luciano who gave America a bad time in the 30's—rather should we think of Italy, anyway) in terms of Michelangelo, builder of St. Peters Church, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Julius Caesar, Marconi, Verdi, 200 Italian-born popes—and thousands of other great scientists artists, musicians — some pretty good “wops” wouldn't you say? . . . More Americans know more about Rome than perhaps any other city on the Continent. During our four days in Rome I met at least 100 who were domiciled at that one hotel, the Grand—one of which was Malcolm Gordon of Fairfield, now on a world tour. Besides great artists, etc., Italy has some great taxi-drivers. I took a ride with one and now my gray hair is several shades grayer. He missed everything on the streets and sidewalks by inches—when he missed them—and he didn't seem to know there was a brake on the darn rickety cab. Charged me twice as many liras as anybody else and I said: “Listen son, you scare the pants off me and then charge me twice as much as anybody else—why?” He says, he says: “Wella Meester it scare me too. I'm justa learn to drivea theesea thin yesterday!” . . . Well folks, if I live, I'll see you in Sunny Spain. Esta la vesta—and like that!

France On Armistice Day!

With so many faults in common,
And so many common faults,
We guard our language not at all,
While our dough we lock in vaults.
Like a pebble dropped into a pool,
The ripples go on to the shore—
The thoughtless word can injure
More than theft—a thousand times
more. —By Phil Osopher.

MADRID—Well folks, it's getting near the end of David's Epistles to the Solanoans—for it's one more hop, and then the big one "Over the rolling ocean, over the bounding billows; onward we'll glide, fearing no tide"—and like that, the Lord willin'. . . . What fetched on the above poem? Poem? Well, so many tourists feel pretty cocky when they get away from home—so here in the dining room the other day, where the waiters speak little or no English—but are trying to learn, what with the rush of "tourisks" the last few years. A tourist from New York barked at the waiter: "Hey you, fetch me some ham and eggs, and get 'em right once for godsakes." The elderly waiter relayed the order to the kitchen: "Hay an haggis right now for godsakes." The head waiter bounced up and fired the poor old waiter on the spot. . . . Well sir, if we haven't had a sweet scented time since our previous chat! We're flying from Rome to Barcelona—but had to let down at Nice, France, for gas—the plane did—and couldn't take off again acct a strike of airfield workers all over France. So the air line people took the 32 Barcelona-bound travelers to dinner at a hotel and then herded us on a French rattle-wagon, laughingly referred to as a train—well this is four days later and I haven't stopped vibrating yet! A

strange trick of fate—it was November 11th—Armistice Day, 37 years ago to the day that "The Boys of 'Eighteen" were in France. This trip, France wasn't on the schedule at all! Well with no train reservations we all huddled in those tiny smelly compartments—and for 18 endless hours and 450 village-strewn miles we rolled and rocked and jiggled and jostled and bounced and bummeled and figited and freted and tossed and tumbled and shimmied and shook and wiggled and waggled and ducked and dodged and galloped and squatted and reeled and slid and zigged and zagged and dozed and started, while that rollicking nocturnal-prison-on-wheels whistled and wheezed and rattled and roared and hissed and snorted and grunted and groaned and squeaked and squawked and shrieked and belled and brayed and whinnied and neighed and blatted and snarled and boomed and drooned and sputtered and sighed and sizzled and sniffled and sneezed and coughed and burped and moaned and gargled and muttered and crowed and cackled and puffed and huffed, and like that — and finally, weary and worn, cold and thirsty and tired and begrimed and hungry and sleepy and jolly and gay, oh yes, we just had time to wrastle our grips off the choo-choo-pew-pew and rush to the plane for the Island of Majorca and the beautiful city of Palma, having to skip Barcelona with just a hello and goodbye. But Majorca, lush and thrilling, a jewel of the Mediterranean. On a tour of the Island, a remembered adventure was the visit to the "Cave of the Dragon"—fantastic—tho' not as stupendous as Carlsbad Caverns (that Fred Salsman so ably lectures on) it has more stalag—

those things! Visited Petra, birth-place of St. Francis, namesake of the City of S.F. Two days on breathless Alcudia Bay—then we fly away to MADRID—the city with everything except Scotch! . . . Too bad Fairfield City administration cannot come in a body—or singly—and see the 150-acre city park here—may glean some ideas re city beautification! Just a suggestion, boys! . . . Driving to the old, old city of Toledo, 50 miles away, you see some gorgeous different farms—where the entire family works—little boys—working from son up to son down! I thought of the angelic 'teen-agers in the States—whose wings get shorter as their legs get longer, and I wondered—maybe a little farm dirt on face would be good! . . . Here at Toledo you stand in the atmosphere of true patriotism—likened unto that of Patrick Henry himself. It was during the Spanish War of Independence (1936-1939 that brot Gen. Franco to power). Gen. Moscardo, holding the Fort Alcazar against the Russian Communists who had come to Spain in force to help the Imperial Spanish Govt. then very pinko. The Red commander storming Alcazar phoned the General Moscardo: "We have your son and will kill him unless you surrender the fort." The General's fine cadet son, was given the Communist's phone, and said: "Well, Dad, I guess this is it. They will kill me unless you surrender Alcazar, and I know neither of us will relent. So goodbye, Dad! All my love." The Spanish General: "My Son, my Son. All my love. Shout to the accursed Communists, "Viva Espana' and die like a true patriot." The body of the young hero lies in a hallowed tomb at Barcelona—but Alcazar did not fall—nor did Spain—and the commies are gone!

. . . Now while we're sorta on the subject, I want you to read this little jolt of a paragraf—picked it up in Beirut where a slick young monkey was yapping a speech on a street corner and handing out slips of paper, in Arabic which I couldn't translate 'till I got to Madrid. Here's what the Commie agitator was spouting to a hundred gapping Arabs—mostly refugees from the so-called Holy Land: "War to the hilt between Communism and Capitalism is inevitable. Today we are not quite strong enough or ready to attack to the absolute. Our time will come in a few years. The rich ones will have to be put to sleep, so we will begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be tempting overtures and unheard-of concessions. The Capitalist countries, stupid and soft will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends with the communists. As soon as their guard is down we shall smash them with our clenched fist . . . !" Tomorrow—Lisbon!

Lisbon, The Beautiful

San Francisco, open your Golden Gate,

This bum's not goin' to wait

Outside your door;

California, here is your wandering son,

Come limping home to go roaming no more.

Some chumps prefer those funny foreign places best,

But in this world there's no place like the Golden West;

San Francisco, just wait till I get thru the door,

Then close that Golden Gate To open no more!

(By that Chinese poet?

—Wing Him Inn

LISBON—Got a right good shakin' up flying from Madrid, over the Pyrenees Mountains to Portugal—might as well have been riding a Spanish taxi. Was worth the trip, for Lisbon is a beautiful, clean and friendly city—and was surprised to find so many Portuguese here. Thought they were all in California? But on Mondego street I enter a nice lace store run by Jose Gerevas, next to a drug store owned by Jose Jesus—but Jesus seemed to be doing the most business as he sells Port Wine—the beverage pushed by the natives—and it is excellent—better than Berenger Bros.' of Napa Valley—and almost as good as that made by Cadanasso Winery and Sal Brea of Suisun Valley . . . And the food in Portugal is good—but expensive in the hotels—almost as good as in Denmark—Denmark, where the theme song is "Those Danish doctors are breaking up that old gang of mine!" Portugal's premier Dr. Salazar is a man of honesty, character and progressive ideas, and while there is still a lot of government control, Portugal is a valuable link in the Western chain of anti-communist nations. In every school great stress is placed on physical fitness (Armijo high school trustees please note.) The little town of Cacilhas, across the bay from Lisbon, is the home of Chris. Columbus at the time he first called on Queen Isabella of Spain, and he said to her, he said: "Listen, Izzy, if you will get me a ship from your fleet, and give me some dough to hire a few Portuguese sailors I think I can discover America for yuh!" She says to Chris: "You go take a good ship for yourself," and he did and as you know he discovered this here America in 1492 . . . Was

passing a hotel in down town Lisbon and saw tables set in a side room, and says I, by gory at last I can attend a Lions Club—so I went in and a lot of old creaky guys began to assemble—so I knew I was in a Rotary meeting! So the feller at the door looked at me—my iron gray locks, saggy jowels, stoop back and creaky knees, when I told him I was not a Rotarian but a Lion, and he says: "Well you'll pass for one of us—come on in." (Dan Root will kill me when I get home!) . . . So came the day we boarded plane and roared away from Europe after three jolly months—more or less—and let down for an hour at the Azores Islands for a brief look around at the pretty Island from whence came most of the Portuguese that inhabited California a few years ago. Then feeling like the husband being led to the shopping block just before Christmas, we made the big jump into Idelwild Airfield, New York while the theater crowds were milling around Times Square. Home! What a word—the place where you are treated best and grumble most! Ask junior. Had dinner with Helen Muhn who used to live in Fairfield, now a supervisor in a huge office in New York (of course Mrs. W. was along, so we had dinner.) . . . Then after 2 days, away again in the driving rain to Montgomery, Alabama where daughter Jeanne lives (wife of Major Brady of the U.S. Air Force)—and it was Thanksgiving Day! And I thought as we drove through the town with all its preparation for Christmas—not a sign of THANKS for the day (Thanksgiving) that should mean as much as any day in all the calendar. A simple word THANKS—but most of the great pieces were made up

of simple, one-syllable words; The Ten Commandments, Lincoln's Address, The Twenty-Third Psalm, The Lord's Prayer—most entirely of one-syllable words—all the greatest elements, power-packed and vital in human life are simple one-syllable words: Life, love, peace, hope, joy, faith, home, child, trust, smile, work, tree, prayer, wife, boy, girl, give, land, hand, man, God . . . But here is one place where Thanksgiving has not been neglected—darndest, biggest most colorful parade you ever saw, staged by the Negroes of this section of Alabama—paraded their school floats for a solid hour down the main streets here—and this afternoon I saw my football game of the year between two colored colleges, and it was a stem-winder. . . . Tomorrow we travel beyond Birmingham to visit one of n. dozens of cousins (white) and if I am able to get away we should be winging home to California by early December—and since this is David's final Epistle to the Solonians, all I can say is thank yu'all for listenin'—if you did—and hope yu'all stick around till we get home, ya heah!

Back Home Again

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should
 prove
Beloved over all.

—Kipling.

There is no compromise, my
 friend,
With tyrants suave and smooth
 as oil;
You'll stand and fight till death
 my friend,
Or bow to cruel, eternal toil.

So go, my friend, and pledge thy
 life,
To whatsoever land ye might,
But when that troth is pledged,
 my friend,
Defend it through that final night.
 —By Stand Pat.

So, having ended my VACA-
TION I can talk brave. The above
ditty simply means that I wouldn't
give a hoot for a ginko who
wouldn't fight for his country—
whichever his country happens to
be—and I still think the lowest
form of skunkhood is the dude who
refuses to serve his country in
whatever capacity he may be
called. Amen and amen. . . . So I
have a right chipper plan for the
defense of this country. (Get this
Mr. Congressman): Whenever
draftee begins to hedge and make
excuses for not serving his hitch
in the armed forces, gather the
blighters up and send them on a
three-months' tour of Europe and
the Near East—and make them
eat the native grub and drink the
native likker . . . They'd soon wipe
that pink stain off their disloyal
pans after a siege of the nightly
scampers from eating unsavory
vittles and drinking one dollar
bourbon made of turpentine and
spunk water . . . I stepped into a
bar in Luxor after a hard day
with King Tut and ordered a
Scotch and soda. I took a sip, spat
it out and it caught the rug afire
by golly. I says to the pop-eyed,
mud-colored barmaid: "Granny
McGragor, do you call that
Scotch? She asks: "What do it
teest like?" I say: "It teest like
carbolic acid!" She say: "Then
eet ees Burbon. The Scotch teest
like soapsuds!" . . . Five years
ago, about, I met a grand chap in
Holland—was with the under-

ground during the Nazi occupation and should have been awarded the U.S. as well as the Dutch highest award for his bravery and loyalty—as well as his philosophy. His name was deBly—and I guess I was looking sorta glum that day when he said to me about this here: “A smile costs nothing, but creates much; it happens in a flash and the memory sometimes lasts forever. It cannot be bought, begged or borrowed, nor stolen—but it is something that is no earthly good to anyone until it is given away. So if in your hurry or rush you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile, leave one of yours—for no one needs a smile quite so much as he who has none to give.” . . . So, during this late lamented fling thru gimme-gimme land I tried to remember Mr. deBly’s admonition—but sometimes, after a long plane hop or a bad night, my face could have busted like a china mug if I had forced a smile onto it—and again sometimes a smile was easy as “howdy, parson” at a Sunday School pickpocket—picnick. . . . Recently some of the dozens of local folks who have galloped abroad, have ask me what country I liked best. Might as well say do I like steak or fried chicken best. Like the chap came to his friends house and the friend asked, “Do you drink anything?” and the fellow said, “Yes, anything.” . . . Like I said in a former blast under “Thoughts” — Ireland leaves you with a memory of early morning whistlin’, jolly banter in the pubs in “Kark,” and “smilin’” Irish eyes—and the fact that they have to dig a living from among the rocks on thin hillsides seems to matter not a-tal, a-tal. . . . In Scotland, as cordial and open-handed, but quiet and solid — the

Scots with their fine Herfordshire cattle and broad-beamed lasses make you glad you came . . . Then in “Wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen”—might as well be in San Francisco except the Danes sweep their streets oftener—and serve the best beer in all Europe—and the hotel proprietor, when you leave, shakes your hand—maybe to see if you have any dough left! . . . Frankfurt and Munich, Germany. Here the folks are too busy working to bother much about the tourists except to see that they are waited on with the usual German cordiality and tact. This outfit hasn’t time to fret about two lost wars—and I’m glad they are on our side of the brass window-shades. . . . Austria—in Vienna you’ll find the fingerprints, footprints and bottle prints of Americans all over the place—and I no more than reached the Sacher Hotel than a gal ask, “Do you have an instrument?” and I says, I says, “Yeh, but it’s not working ver well now days.” She was an sidewalk orchestra leader—and I have an old French harp, but can only play “Home Sweet Home” on the thing. . . . Go to Yugoslavia, and if Belgrade don’t make you homesick you’re a lost cause. The only good thing I found was the fact that Tito proved you can beat the Russians — and it’s just too bad that the USA hasn’t come to believe it too. The best direction to go in that country is out . . . Turkey — perhaps our best and strongest allies in the entire Middle-East. Tough bunch of rascals — but as the American ambassador Warren says, “They are OUR rascals.” . . . Beirut, Lebanon — crawling with kids and vermin — where dope-peddling goes on in broad daylight — and you can catch everything from

THOUGHTS WHILE ROLLING ALONG

fallen arches to fallen reputation. All a-same Cairo and Luxor — and the rulers will switch to whoever offers them the best deal in their opinion . . . Like fresh air to reach Athens after Jerusalem and Cairo — and of course Rome has everything — all you have to do is pay for it! . . . Madrid and Lisbon deserve more time

and credit from the USA for they are good folks and doing nicely — both the “Spics” and the “Ports” . . . Like I say, we live in the present, we dream of the future but we learn eternal truth from the past . . . So having finished the trip around the world — next time we may go someplace else!

—Adios.

**COUNTRIES VISITED ON
SECOND TOUR**

—by—

MR. AND MRS. D. A. WEIR

IRELAND
SCOTLAND
DENMARK
GERMANY
AUSTRIA
YUGOSLAVIA
TURKEY
GREECE
LEBANON
SYRIA
EGYPT
PALESTINE
ITALY
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
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